



Magic World: The Alternative Story



👁 429 ✓ 42 ★ 38

Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

Alexander was finally here. He was finally at the Decision. The 16 years of his life had lead up to this moment.

Any child born with Magic in their blood was instantly filed as a Wizard, and taken to the Worldwide Mage Institution for a chance to become a certified Mage. Alexander had been one of the lucky three percent that passed all of the exams and then survived the True Test, an ugly ordeal where the student was put far underground in a lightless chamber for three weeks, armed only with his or her Magic, not even allowed to bring clothes.

Alexander had come out of that chamber fully clothed, well fed, and very happy with himself. The Sage Council had been very impressed.

So here Alexander was. At the decision that would influence how he used his magic for the rest of his life.

"Alexander Oakwood, you have passed the True Test and are about to become a certified Mage, assuming a very honorable and prestigious place in society, and an elite role in the military. You are here today to choose which branch of Magic you will study for the next five years.

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Chapter 2 by Phantim

Alexander smiled knowing
truly believe he had a great destiny.

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He cleared his throat and then spoke loudly, "I choose to forgo my rite of selection and choose to be sorted by /The cloch Fhealsúnaí/!"

A small gasp ran collectively throughout the crowd. It was an ancient and dangerous tradition. The real reason it had been done away with however, was that the last person to be selected had been sorted /outside/ of the six categories. He manifested unknown and extremely powerful techniques. That person created unprecedented problems and his followers shook the foundations of the magic world. That man was Magnus Oakwood and he was Alexander's grandfather.

The proctor of the examine looked like he had seen a ghost. "Well, I suppose it is your right to choose method of selection... but do you really want to - to have the rest of your life chosen for you by some stone?"

"Fate is not kind to the faint of heart, sir. I do," Alexander reply confidently.

The man who had spoken to him then turned away and nodded at two of the guards who turned around and left.

"If you will wait a moment, they shall retrieve the artifact."

"I have waited my whole life for this, I can wait a minute longer."

Chapter 3 by Brandon Unglaub



Alexander remained standing. His eyes stared unblinking into the distance, but his answer echoed continuously in his head. He was ready for this moment, he thought, and chills ascended his spine like a cold snake from the great suspense.

"All hail the great Alexander!" screamed someone sitting near the back.

Laughter shook the room. He immediately recognized that wretched voice as Felix Forosa's. He

was the most powerful of the senior students in magic and so he was the most popular. Everyone feared him. He was a great wizard, a powerful shapeshifter in just three years. The Counsel didn't know what to do with him. It was appropriate to let him continue his practice in one of the other

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Felix chose necromancy, of course. He had dark, and borderline evil tendencies. They could never prove it, but multiple students swear they came across freshly killed animals in the forest, and saw a half-wolf, half-man running into the distance. Clearly a shapeshifter, and many blamed Felix at the culprit.

The great wooden doors opened and the laughter became stillness, as everyone waited in suspense to see the magical stone which had only been brought out once before so many years ago. The two guards slowly walked into the room, supporting a great pillar of pink crystal and golden metal that naturally swirled into each other like galaxies free floating in space. It was more beautiful than Magnus had described. They very slowly and gently placed the stone onto the floor. Then, the two guards took their places at either side.

A chair could be heard creaking as the oldest, and wisest of the Sages, Marvius, carefully stood and walked with a limp to the stone. His eyes caught Alexander's and remained there for what seemed like ages. Alexander felt deep understanding in that glance. Then, without a word, Marvius the Sage placed his hand on the stone, and said with a smile, "Let's see what your destiny is... shall we, Alexander?"

Chapter 4 by Phantim



This was an interesting day for his classmate Sofia. After all, it isn't every day that someone chooses to be sorted by the Philosopher's Stone. She was extremely excited to see it. She wouldn't admit it, but she was a bit of a Magic History Nerd. Looks like it was about to happen as she watched Alexander strode confidently and then placed his forehead against the mighty pillar. Bright red energy shot out of the stone at that very moment searing a symbol onto his forehead. It was not, however, the symbol for the Magister Magorum. Sofia wasn't sure what the symbol was, but as the teachers ran over to Alexander laying on the ground, she was confident she was about to find out.

"Dragon Lord!" the Magister shouted out after examining the rune.

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be punished for his bravery, for taking a chance with the red stone. She wanted to be a life mage, a healer... to help people. But now she couldn't stand to see him suffer alone. She mustered up her own courage, forgoing her right to choose.

"Wait!" she shouted. Everyone turned their eyes on her. She could feel the weight of their gaze as she continued... "I wish to be sorted as well."

Her voice was almost a whisper, but everyone in the room heard it over the silence. The magister on stage nodded to her. She approached the dais where the stone sat in its box, its etched runes swirled as she held out her slender hand to it. When she rested her palm upon the ancient stone she felt warmth radiate through her body. The kind of feeling you get from your first kiss, giddy and exciting. She looked down as blue arcane energy shot up her up arm burning symbols into her skin. Then the world took on a blue hue and she began to see things that she had never seen before. Unsure what was happening she looked to the boy next to her, Alexander. He seemed different in this new light. There was something about the way he glowed...

"Nice to finally meet you, Alexander," the girl said shyly and extended her hand to him.

Chapter 5 by Brandon Unglaub



The event was over, and Alexander and Sofia were sitting on a bench outside the main hall letting snowflakes melt on their flushed faces. It was freezing outside, literally 32 degrees, yet neither of them seemed to feel it. Alexander had not talked to anyone since he had touched the stone, and when Sofia had tried to make conversation his eyes remained staring into the distance with a glaze over his eyes.

Sofia looked over at Alexander shyly, then quickly glanced away. She took a deep confident breath and said in a soft voice, "Ya know.. I remember my grandmother telling me what my name means when I was younger. 'Truth'. They said it means 'truth'. My grandmother was a sorcerer herself. She mostly kept to herself but she couldn't stop visitors coming and going from her house to receive prophecies.. she's famous for that you know?"

She looked at him again and couldn't tell if he was listening. "Anyways, the point is my grandmother was sure that one day I would be a mage. The meaning of my name, of 'truth'. She said I would be a mage. He looked at her and she took a breath. "and my companion would be a Knight."

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Sofia sighed. She wasn't sure if Alexander understood the significance of what she was telling him. She always thought her grandmother's stories were made up, that she was telling tall tales that would evaporate like smoke. Now Sofia could see her Grandmother was right.

Sofia's eyes glowed a soft blue as she looked at Alexander one last time. "Alexander, I can see, smell, and taste the truth now... and I can see you and I have a grand future together."

She then slowly stood up and walked away. Alexander looked up just at the right time to see her form fade white into the snowy night.

Chapter 6 by Alexa Freedman



Alexander watched Sofia get up and leave him with a certain twinkle in his eye.

He knew immediately that he would see this girl again. When he looked at her he smiled, and felt happy. He had an urge to run after her and talk to her.

He got up and followed her down the sacred Mage Path, which is limited only to Mages. After 10 minutes, Sofia stopped. She looked around, and Alexander crouched.

Sofia did not see him, and she ducked into an underground hole.

Alexander followed, and ran into the hole. He heard her up ahead, clanking with the metal in the hole. He shimmied down after her. When he got down, there was a big open space.

There was a vanity, and Sofia sat in front of it. "Apoli la Grandmother opila." She recited, and an old woman appeared in the mirror.

"Grandmother." Sofia said. "You were right. I have found the Dragon Keeper."

Grandmother pointed at Alexander.

Alexander crouched, but Sofia saw him nevertheless, and tapped him on the head. "Alexander."

He looked up and bit his lip. "Sofia, Sofia, help me, I hit my head before talking."

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"Thank you. You have saved me."

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Chapter 7 by Phantom



"Whatever you stuck up bitch. Why don't you take your /destiny/, and shove it. We make our own paths and I'm not gonna let you and your wrinkly ass grandma tell me what my future holds. It was bad enough I let the stone pick for me. So why don't you go be magister magorum and save the world somewhere else? I'm not some pity project for you," Alexander ranted at her.

"Look, I don't mean to be---" she is interrupted.

"No you look. Maybe I was unclear before, so /piss off/. Take your bubblegum wisdom and shove it down someone else's throat. Are we clear now?" He said.

"Ye-Yes..." she said, tears filled her eyes and she ran away.

/What a bitch..../ he thought.

"Now, now, Alex... that's no way to treat the magister magorum," a voice chided from the shadows.

Alexander whipped around to get a look at the man.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

"The man who will take you to the dragons, of course...."

Chapter 8 by Zacharia Ellaham



"What do you mean. How could you such thing since the dragon are in another dimension?"

"Well you just said it we are going to another dimension little drgon lord, but however by talking to this girl like that you just complicated this enterprise."

A little pissed of by not understanding everything and by the idea that he needed sofia to acomplish his destiny he asked the man that he couldn't see well in the unlighted night.

"And why on earth would I believe and follow a stranger like you?"

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"Because your little insolant drag

The jaws half-open stupel

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was standing the first

image of his lineage Jalair the Lao magician.

Chapter 9 by Dave

"You must be one of the stupidest dragon lords if your going to treat me like that," Jalair's eyes turned a ruby red and was ready to smite the boy in an instant

Alexander muttered a sorry and then suddenly screamed, "Why do I have to frickn leave I never get to choose!"

"oh you young, simple minded warlock, you never could choose," Jalair spoke an incantation then there was a light brighter than a thousand suns and when the light faded Alexander found himself on the end of a cliff with with no end

"ha, ha, ha, time for your training young Alexander," Jalair laughs do you like the view?

"Wow... its... beautiful," Alexander says

"Make sure this isn't the last time you see it,"

"What do you-----MEAN!!!!!!," Alexander screams as he gets pushed off the cliff

"Easy.....Don't die"

the end

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